

PRICE ONE CENT.

# RUPPERT AGAIN.

He Resumes His Lead in "The Evening World" Contest.

Capt. Wilson Following Along in Second Position.

Major Kipp and Lieut.-Col. Moran in Their Old Places.

The friends of Col. Rupert, who have been keeping quiet for the past few days, came to the front again yesterday and once more the gallant colonel leads The Evening World National Guard Election, with a total of 67,243.

Doughty Capt. Wilson presses on in second place with 61,718 votes to his credit. Major Kipp and Lieut.-Col. Moran still hold third and fourth positions, their vote being, respectively 53,250 and 47,907.

The sword which the successful candidate will receive is to be a most magnificent affair. In the first place, it is to be made upon an entirely new design, richly ornamented, and of the best material to be obtained.

The blade will be of the finest Damascus steel. The handle and guard will be of brass or silver, and the scabbard will be of leather, with a metal clasp, and the sword will be carried in a scabbard of the finest material.

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# BROILED BY THE WIRES.

A Death in Toledo Similar to That of Lineman Peaks.

TOLEDO, Dec. 17.—Robert S. Dalton, a painter employed by the Lake Shore Railroad, went to the top of the train shed this morning to measure a slight for repairs.

He was misadvised, however, and the foreman climbed the roof to investigate. He was horrified at seeing Dalton's body lying on its back across two electric light wires, and the smoke curling up from the burning clothing and flesh.

The body was found by the foreman, who called the police. The body was found by the foreman, who called the police. The body was found by the foreman, who called the police.

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# BY MOLLY MAGUIRES?

A FRIEND OF FRANKLIN B. GOWEN SAYS HE WAS MURDERED.

AN ARGUMENT TO DISPROVE THE SUICIDE THEORY.

Several Suspicious Circumstances That Cassius M. Clay Annotates Forth—The Body Hurriedly Taken from Wornley's—The Funeral at Philadelphia Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Cassius M. Clay, Annotator of the Treasury Department, who was some years ago District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, does not agree to the theory generally accepted that Franklin B. Gowen committed suicide in his room at Wornley's Hotel.

He was a prominent officer at the time the Mollie Maguire case was tried in Pennsylvania and in which Mr. Gowen took a prominent part. Mr. Annotator is inclined to believe that Mr. Gowen fell a victim to the vengeance of the survivors of the Maguire prosecution.

"I have for the last four years spent most of my time at Wornley's Hotel in Washington," he said today, "and I was at Wornley's when the body of Mr. Gowen was found. I do not believe Franklin B. Gowen was murdered by his own hand. I will give my reasons."

When Mr. Annotator was asked if he believed that Mr. Gowen was murdered by his own hand, he said: "I do not believe Franklin B. Gowen was murdered by his own hand. I will give my reasons."

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# LOVE A CAUSE OF DEATH.

J. B. ALLEN KILLS HIMSELF AT HIS SWEETHEART'S DOOR.

HER FRIENDS SAY HE WAS A FORGER.

The Suicide Leaves a Sentimental Letter and Some Poetry to Miss Katie Kismam, with Whom He Was in Love—The Dead Man Formerly in Government Employ.

Unrequited love claimed another victim yesterday morning, when James B. Allen, of Albany, N. Y., killed himself. Allen was formerly employed in the Post-Office Department at Washington as an assistant mail clerk.

It was about a quarter of 4 o'clock yesterday morning that two officers attached to the Fourth Precinct Station-House, Brooklyn, heard two pistol shots fired in the alleyway under the stoop leading from the building in his back. He was alive, but unconscious. An ambulance was summoned from the City Hospital, and Surgeon Horan, who responded, said the man could not live. Allen was removed to the hospital, where he died shortly before noon.

In the suicide's pockets were found unmistakable evidence of the cause of the fatal act. There was a number of sentimental letters, a number of poems, and a photograph of a very pretty young woman and letters addressed to Miss Katie Kismam at the home in front of the shooting occurred. It was later developed that she was employed at the house, the home of Dr. Elphinstone, as a domestic.

The sentimental letters were of a very sentimental nature. A number of poems were written to "Miss Katie," in which the writer expressed her love for her, and "doomed him by day." He bade her farewell, and after saying he loved her "more than tongue can tell," added, "Tell me why you do not love me."

In the course of an extremely lengthy epistle to Katie, Allen wrote: "When I saw you last night, I knew very well that I wanted to see you, but I could not. I was the first time that ever I was so much in love with a woman. I would not have done it if I had the blood of the angels. I would not have done it if I had the blood of the angels. I would not have done it if I had the blood of the angels."

Allen was a man of about 35 years of age, and was a native of New York. He was a member of the Post-Office Department, and was employed as an assistant mail clerk. He was a man of average height, and was a native of New York.

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# EXTRA

10 O'CLOCK.

# WHIPPED!

Mike Cushing, of Brooklyn, Knocked Out by Austin Gibbons in the 24th Round.

Hard-Fought Battle with Skin-Tight Gloves for the 126-Pound Championship.

John L. Sullivan and Jack McAuliffe Present at the Ring-Side.

The Brooklyn Champion Gashed Over the Eye and Completely Done Up.

Two Thousand Dollars Goes to the Winner with the Championship of America.

The greatest open-box prize-fight that has been fought in this section of the country for months took place in a sweltering hall on the outskirts of Stamford, Conn., early this morning.

The fighters were Mike Cushing, of Brooklyn, and Austin Gibbons, of New York.

Cushing led with his left, a light blow on the chest.

Gibbons retaliated with a left-hand lunge, which the Brooklyn boy stopped cleverly.

Then the two warmed to their work and dealt each other some stinging left-handers.

Cushing forced Gibbons to the ropes. They clinched, broke apart and closed the first round with some rapid exchanges. Gibbons was very red about the neck and breast.

In the second round Cushing landed a hot right-hand on Gibbons' left eye by feinting with his left. Again he rushed Gibbons to the ropes. A clinch followed and cries of "foul" greeted an apparently unfair blow by Cushing as he broke away.

Gibbons led with his left and swung with his right, landing just above Cushing's eye, on the cheek and starting a serious flow of blood.

First blood claimed and allowed for Gibbons.

Both men were very cool and both still smiling. Gibbons was doing some wonderfully clever dodging of his head to one side, easily avoiding Mike's vicious left-hand swipes.

The third round was opened cautiously on the part of both men.

Gibbons led with his left, but the blow was parried off easily.

Cushing got in a stinger on Gibbons' left cheek.

Both men punched with a will, but guarded vital spots cleverly.

Gibbons rushed Mike into the latter's corner against the ropes.

The exchanges were fast and furious.

The gash over Cushing's eye was deepened.

Cushing swung "PATRICK," but Gibbons saved himself by his wonderful dodging. Cushing did most of the leading.

"Ninety to 100 on Gibbons!" yelled several bookmakers.

Both men were taken up with a rapidity that took one's breath away.

In the fourth round Cushing rushed, and some rattling right-handing resulted.

REPEATED CRIES OF FOUL.

Gibbons aimed for the stomach. Again cries of "foul" arose, as some of the spectators thought Cushing struck Gibbons with his head intentionally while in a clinch.

REIT BELOW THE BELT.

Gibbons struck Cushing below the belt. Immediately Cushing doubled up, evidently in the greatest pain, and dropped his hands. Time was called, amid a perfect pandemonium of howls, above which the cries of "foul" only were distinguishable.

CUSHING CARRIED OFF.

Cushing's seconds carried him to his corner.

The referee signalled frantically for quiet and then said:

"The blow was an unfair one, but I do not believe it was intentional. I saw Gibbons make, making him miss his mark. I grant Cushing time to recover."

Cushing writhed upon his chair in apparent anguish, while his seconds did everything to restore him, aided by Jack McAuliffe and Quinn, who worked like beavers.

"I'll bet 100 to 70 on Gibbons," yelled a racing man, wildly waving his arms as he stood on a chair.

The bet was covered.

After a lapse of ten minutes time was called for the fifth round.

Ons on Gibbons' jaw.

Both men were taken up. Cushing seemed to have recovered from his hurt. He

# had the best of this round, doing most of the leading and getting a homer in on opponent's stomach and a heavy crash on his jaw.

After each round Cushing's seconds placed his wounded eye, and in each round the player was torn off and the crime rushed forth.

Gibbons' right hand was damaged by blow on Cushing's head. He used the very little at this stage of the game.

Gibbons far outreached Cushing, but later seemed to be fighting most scientifically.

In the sixth round Cushing rushed and landed with his left on Gibbons' jaw and stomach. He also got a slashing home on his adversary's face.

In the seventh round it became evident that Gibbons was playing to win. He acted almost entirely on the defensive, his goal being to bring the fight to a draw.

Cushing forced the fight, as usual, and began hitting for the body.

The eighth round was a repetition of the seventh.

In the ninth round Gibbons got in some stingers on the throat with his left. Then he had a hot and heavy, playing on one of his better sides, and Cushing landed on the jaw and stomach repeatedly.

CUSHING FORCED TO THE ROPES.

Gibbons' eyes blazed fire, and he went for Cushing like an enraged bull, thumping him to the ropes in his corner.

The round closed with both men apparently pretty well "done up."

Gibbons came up for the tenth round, apparently the fresher. Cushing's face was covered with fresh-flowing blood. Gibbons did great dodging. He led Cushing into his corner in the attempt to make the round end in a clinch.

BLOWS OF THE FISTS.

Cushing seemed to think it time to "go or die." He battered Gibbons' chest and stomach in a pell-mell style in the eleventh round.

In the sixteenth round Cushing got home a tremendous right-hander on Gibbons' head.

Repeated clinches and cautious attacks were features of these rounds.

Cushing gathered all his strength for knock-out effort in the nineteenth round, and sent Gibbons to the ropes twice.

Cushing was now bleeding profusely from the mouth and nose and from a gash on the cheek.

Gibbons seemed to be as hard as the bulldog in which he hammered at his trade.

He stood Cushing's terrific punishment magnificently.

CUSHING WEAKENS.

In the twenty-first round Gibbons went to have his turn at a knock-out, with the result that Cushing seemed utterly exhausted.

Cushing responded in kind, to every one's surprise. He appeared very weak and Gibbons had difficulty in banging him about the face.

A spectator interfered with Gibbons who had Cushing on the ropes and Gibbons swung on the stomach of his opponent.

Austin rushed to his brother's aid and also slugged the spectator.

The twenty-second round was marked by a terrific right and left fighting.

A MAN OF BLOODY FLESH.

Cushing looked one seeming mass of bloody flesh, and his spectators were frantic and yelled accordingly.

The end was nearly at hand when the twenty-second round closed, Cushing falling helplessly upon his second's knees.

TREMENDOUS FIGHTING.

He was rallied, and tremendous fighting characterized the twenty-third round. Gibbons knocked Cushing about as if he were rubber ball.

The call of time just saved Cushing from a knock-out.

He was doomed in the next round, for Gibbons went at him hammer and tong.

He knocked Cushing all in a heap by swinging on the stomach with his right.

Cushing managed to crawl to his feet within the ten seconds' allowance, only to receive another tremendous drive in the breast, which sent him a senseless, bleeding mass to the floor, unconscious. He failed to respond to the call of time.

AUSTIN GIBBONS' RECORD.

Fought and Won His First Battle.

When Fourteen Years Old.

Austin Gibbons, the victor in the fight with Mike Cushing, was born in Stamford, Conn., on March 1, 1871. He entered the prize-ring at a very early age.